

Shorter Hours for Women



A Modern Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

Little Mrs. Patten.

[Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.] Little Mrs. Patten, as we called her, though she had registered as Mrs. Judge Patten, had arrived without her husband because just as they were about leaving Chicago an associate judge had been taken ill and Judge Patten had to sit in a case for him. He had sent his wife on and would join her within a week.

At the end of the week the judge did not appear. He wrote a letter instead. The letter was shown to the landlady and then "accidentally" left on a table in the parlor for half a day, and it was doubtless read by a score of the female guests. He would be detained another week, much to his sorrow, but would surely arrive then. There was a printed letter head to show that the judge belonged to a high court, and in the letter he enclosed a draft on New York for a hundred dollars. If there was any doubt about Mrs. Patten's social status the letter settled it. The husband wrote that she had been inquired after by people whom all of us knew to be prominent in society.

Little Mrs. Patten had been with us eight days when there was a robbery in the house—the first for five years. There was no dress except at dinner Sunday evenings, and then for such a lot of conservative people as we were there was quite a display of jewelry. A lady who had got out her diamonds to wear was called from the room a moment, and when she returned the stones were gone. The value was about \$2,000, but the excitement kicked up was valued at five times as much. The theft was laid to the chambermaid, to a waiter and to others, but in such cases nothing can be done but to suspect. We all talked, and we all sympathized, and suggested, and little Mrs. Patten adorned herself with \$5,000 worth of diamonds and acknowledged that she was very careless and expected to be robbed herself some day.

I must explain to you that the regular doors had been taken off for the summer and replaced by sash or blind doors to permit of free circulation. There was a space of about a foot at top and bottom, and no watchmen were kept in the halls at night. As these sash doors locked, the idea was that the thief was silly enough to slip over or under them. There were perhaps ten boys at the hotel with their parents, but none of them could be suspected. In fact, the detective who was summoned and came down as a guest could not find a thing to found a suspicion on. After working his head for a day he recommended that watchmen be stationed in the halls and watch nothing occurred Monday night, but on Tuesday night there followed three more robberies of rooms. The plunder was about the same as before. In two of the rooms were husbands and wives; in the third was a woman whose husband had taken a run up to town on business. Not one of them had been

awakened. There was a girl on watch in that hall, and, of course, she was at once charged with having fallen asleep. Wednesday night I went to bed to sleep soundly, but I had my plans for the following night. I am an old bachelor, and I had a room by myself. Little Mrs. Patten acted no different from the other ladies. She was free to talk about the robberies and had taken her jewels to the office safe or had at least handed in a case. She was the thief, as you are prepared to hear, but not one professional detective in a hundred would have had the slightest suspicion of her.

When I went to bed Thursday night I did something very smart. I crawled under instead of into the bed. I expected the thief to come, and I meant to make a capture. I had a blackjack with me and ropes for tying the rascal, and at that date I could handle almost any man I came across. Nothing occurred up to midnight, but an hour later I heard and felt some one in the room. Whoever it was could not have slipped over or under the sash door. He must have entered by the window. He was searching about for my clothes when I called out that if he moved hand or foot I would shoot, and I then began to crawl from under the bed. When I struck a light I had the room to myself.

I didn't sit down and wonder if I hadn't been deceived. I knew I hadn't. That someone had been in the room I proved within two minutes. That someone had lost a little list shoe generally called a sneak. It was too small for any man's foot. It meant a woman or boy. I went down to the office and reported to the night clerk, and together we visited little Mrs. Patten's room. She did not respond to the knocks, but that was because she wasn't there. She had left most of her wardrobe behind and had gone away dressed as a young man, taking only a hand satchel.

Clear across the rear end of the hotel ran a balcony on every floor. Two fire escapes led from top to bottom. In every case a window had been entered, while in our stupidity we thought only of the sash doors. Little Mrs. Patten had donned male attire and done the trick as easy as pie. I can't say whether I scared her off or whether she was ready to go, but she went. A quarter of a mile from the hotel, as we ascertained, a confederate met her with an auto, and she was whisked away to the unknown. The judge business was all over. Little Mrs. Patten was Molly Matches, one of the cleverest thieves, shoplifters and confidence women in America. It must have disgusted her to find us such a dead easy crowd.

M. QUAD.

Laborers Must Have Sanitary Abodes. Laborers who take up temporary residence in the vicinity of their work anywhere in the state of New York must be supplied with sanitary quarters, according to a bill introduced at Albany by Assemblyman Wagner of New York city. It provides that every abode for laborers must comply with the building laws of the state and the ordinances of the locality in which the structure is located. In all cases where two or more men occupy a room for sleeping purposes each man must have 250 cubic feet of air space. A violation is a misdemeanor.

To Aid Women Workers. By paying 10 cents a year Chicago working girls who are members of trades unions will receive medical consultation and advice. This has been made possible through the work of the Woman's Trades Union league, which has announced the appointment of Dr. Rachel S. Yarros of Hull House as its staff physician. Dr. Yarros will set aside portions of three days a week for these consultations.

The nominal fee was decided on as a special inducement for working girls to join the unions of their respective crafts.

Asbestos Shingles. Asbestos shingles made of asbestos fiber and cement absorb 5 per cent of their weight in water.

Silk Culture. Piedmont, Italy, produces about three times as many cocoons as any other Italian province and in proportion to its size is perhaps the most prolific silkworm district of the world.

Velvet. In connection with the insistently clinging character of velvet it may be noted that this stuff takes its name from the Italian "veluto," shaggy, offering in this respect a parallel with "velvet," which comes from the Latin "vela," a bristle.

The Largest Monastery. The largest monastery in the world is the Franciscan at Quito, Ecuador.

A Panther. "Now, Elsie," said the schoolteacher, "you tell me what a panther is?" "Teh, mah'm," lisped the little miss. "He is a man that makes panthers."—Kansas City Independent.

Simplicity forms a main ingredient in a noble nature.—Thucydides.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

"Isle of Spice"

Those who desire a couple of hours rest and relaxation from the cares of the busy world; those who enjoy pretty stage pictures with all the picturesque environment that the delightful oriental locality of the Japan sea renders possible; and all those to whom beautiful femininity, with sweet singing voices, randomly costumed, appeals, are promised a rare treat in that quaint musical mixture, the "Isle of Spice," which B. C. Whitney's musical comedy company will present at the opera house next Friday evening. There is a charm about the piece that never fails to win



MISS MARIE LADUE, Who Sings "Terms" in "The Isle of Spice," at the Barre Opera House, February 28.

the appreciation of the most critical, and it is said to be a rare individual who, having seen this attraction once, can resist the desire to enjoy a second performance. The music is of that refreshing quality of which one never grows tired, the stage business is new, the ladies who constitute the chorus are young, pretty and said to be the best singers and dancers on the American stage at the present time. The company which is one of the largest in the musical comedy field, is headed by that clever comedian, Chas. A. Pusey and is ably assisted by Rose Fitch, Louise Gould, Minerva Chombar, Margaret Woods, Jack Leslie, Bert Walnwright, E. K. Armstrong and others who are well known in the musical comedy line. Tickets Wednesday morning.

ELLS OF CLOTH.

A Lively and Interesting Game For Boys.

This amusing game is called "ells of cloth" and may be played by any number of boys, all of whom, excepting two, stand in a row, holding hands and stretching as widely apart as their arms will permit. The two not in the row are called the "merchant" and the "weaver," and the boys in the row represent ells of cloth. They stand as just described. The merchant goes down the line, looking at each boy as if examining the cloth before purchasing. Having measured the cloth by taking each "ell" by the hands, he turns away and goes away as if to get his money. Then each boy claps the one next to him around the waist, and they all stand close together, with the weaver at the head of the line held around the waist by the first "ell."

When the merchant comes back, he is told that the cloth is now folded, and he must unfold it if he wishes to complete his purchase. He takes the weaver by the hands and by pulling him about tries to make some of the "ells" let go. Any one that does let go must stand aside until only one remains besides the weaver, and this one may be either the merchant or the weaver in the next game, as he pleases. The game is a pretty lively one and full of fun.

Nip and Tuck. "When Brown came to this city ten years ago he didn't have a cent." "Well, well! How did he make out?" "Oh, he's still holding his own."—Harper's Weekly.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. Dr. T. Felix Couraud's Oriental Cream or Regal Beautifier.



HOLD STEPSON AND BROTHER

In Inquiry Into N. Y. Wine Dealers Death

RICH ITALIAN MURDERED

Brother and Sister-in-law of Girolamo Cella, Who, It Is Believed, Was Murdered, Are the Suspects.

New York, Feb. 25.—Dominico Cella, brother of Girolamo Cella, the wealthy importer, who was found dying in his office in West Broadway, and Girolamo's stepson, Caesar Bianchi, was held yesterday without bail to await an investigation into the cause of the old man's death.

Coroner Harburger is of the opinion that Cella was struck on the head with a hammer and that his assailant then poured poison down his throat, presumably to make it appear he was a suicide. A letter signed with Cella's name, bidding good bye to his family, was found in the office, but the coroner believes the assailant forced Cella to write it. Dominico Cella told the police that as he was passing the warehouse quite early he noticed the padlock on the door was unfastened and he entered the building. In the office he discovered his brother bundled up on the floor, bleeding from wounds in his head. After lighting the gas he found a blood-stained hammer on the floor, a bottle half-filled with a liquid and a note on the table.

After putting the dead man's brother through a long examination, the coroner subpoenaed Caesar Bianchi and David Ransoldi, both of whom say that Girolamo Cella played cards with them in the night and seemed depressed. Vincent T. Pisarra, a son-in-law of Cella, declares that there had been much trouble in the Cella family.

Girolamo Cella has conducted a wine importing business in this city for many years, and Coroner Harburger says that he amassed a fortune of \$500,000.

WOMAN'S WORLD

A Study in Tan.

This practical house gown is developed in tan cashmere, with bands of topaz velvet and yoke and sleeves of Irish crochet in burnt ivory tone. The skirt is a five gored model, with a pret-



SIMPLE HOUSE GOWN.

ty flare at the foot. The box plaited jumper is decorated with fabric buttons, and individuality is gained from the shaping of the neck and the extended armholes.

Flat Togue in Favor Again. Though the toque never really went out of fashion, for there are many women who, like Queen Alexandra, found it becoming and refused to give it up, it has not been generally worn in recent days. The round toque, which fits close to the head and is worn perfectly flat with no upstanding trimming, is finding such wide favor that it threatens the supremacy of the huge picture shape. These toques frequently are made of velvet to match the gown with which they are worn and are bordered with fur or with the feather trimming that has become popular again.

White and Cream. It is evident that as many lace waists on the burned ivory tone as those made of white or cream are to be worn. Heretofore the lighter tones have been the favorites for elaborate creations of this attractive adjunct to the well-gowned woman's wardrobe. The burned ivory laces are seen also in combination with white, and heavy Russian embroideries are used with net, the net often encircling. Tiny gold buttons in clusters trim prettily in many cases, relieving the depth of color by a touch of brightness. A corse cravat is also one of the best color contrasts to be worn with one of the waists.

The Empire Siant. The empire influence is still perceptible in the shortening of the waist line at the back of many of the newest coat models, but on the whole the square stole lines that suggest the garments of ecclesiastical dignitaries are in the lead, and their flatness of effect is relieved by trimmings of braids and cords disposed in an endless variety of ways. Usually a wide braid emphasizes the lines of the garments, and the narrower braids or cordings make the various enrichments.

The White Indian

A white Indian is a sick Indian. When the Indians first saw a white man they were sure he was sick. White skin—sick man was their argument. "Pale-face" is the name they gave us. Pale faces can be cured. When blood is properly fed the face glows with health.

Scott's Emulsion

is a rich blood food. It gives new power to the bone marrow from which the red blood springs. All Druggists: 50c. and \$1.00.

Young Folks

THEIR WISHES GRANTED.

Story of Three Indian Brothers Who Became Trees.

There were once three brothers who went to see the lord of life and win their hearts' desires. One, though tall enough, wished to be taller still. He had tried in many ways to make himself taller, because he wished to be admired and looked up to by smaller people and win the love of the beautiful Indians of his tribe. To make himself look taller than he really was he put soft clay into his moccasins to raise him on his feet, and he plastered up his hair to stand high, and on top of it was a long turkey tail. But what he wished for was to be taller still. The second brother asked that he might live always, where he might behold all the beauty of the land and rest in peace forever; the third brother asked to live to a great age and always to be healthy till he died.

Now, when the lord of life heard what they desired he summoned his servant, the earthquake, and commanded him to set them firmly with their feet fast planted in the ground, and when this was done the three brothers were turned to pine trees. The lord of life paid heed to their wishes, for he gave them what they most desired.

He who would be tall overtopped all the trees in the forest; even the turkey tail was not forgotten. It waves to this hour, and on summer days the giant tree sways and murmurs with pride. The second brother, who wished to dwell in peace upon the earth, will do so while he is rooted to the ground, and the third, who wished to live to the end in perfect health, is still standing straight and sturdy in the forest—Washington Star.

Song of the Pirate. A pirate, a pirate, a pirate I will be! In stormy ways I'll spend my days—A pirate's life for me! I'll look for gain. I'll sail the broad seas o'er. I'll store my hold with gold, and then I'll make the people tremble when they see me come ashore!



A pirate, a pirate, a pirate bold am I! Where people shrink On decks that rock. I'll swing my cutlass high! I'll swiftly sail. Before the gale. I'll sweep the stormy sea. And when the day's dark work is done I'll reef my sails and meekly run To kneel at mother's knee. —S. E. Kiser in New York Tribune.

Conundrums. Why is a newborn baby like a donkey's tail? Because it was never seen before.

Why are gloves unsalable articles? Because they are made to be kept on hand.

What is the most warlike nation? Vaccination, because it is generally kept in arms.

What part of the locomotive requires the most attention? The "tender" part, of course.

There's Nothing Better For Coughs and Colds than Hale's Honey of Marshmallows and Tea. DON'T WALK THE FLOOR USE PIKE'S TOOTH-ACHE DROPS

ELKINS ACT NOT REPEALED

Important Decision by The Supreme Court

BLOW TO STANDARD OIL

And Other Corporations—Claim That It Replaced Hepburn Law Disallowed—Ruling Came in Case of Northern Railway Company.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25.—The question whether the railroad rate law, which is known as the Hepburn act, repeals sections one of the Elkins act, prohibiting rebates by railroads, was involved in the case of the Great Northern railway company versus the United States, which was decided yesterday by the supreme court of the United States against the railroad company and against the contention of such repeal. The case was instituted in the United States district court for the district of Minnesota, which court fined the railroad \$1,000 each for fifteen violations of the first section of the Elkins law.

HEARING FOR STANDARD OIL.

Testimony in Government's Suit for Annulment of Company.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25.—The hearing of testimony in the case of the government against the Standard Oil company for an annulment of the corporate existence of the company was resumed yesterday in the hearing-room of the interstate commerce commission. The evidence is being taken before Judge Franklin Ferris of St. Louis as the examiner of the United States circuit court. The government was represented by Frank B. Kellogg and Charles Morrison and the Standard Oil company by John S. Miller and Morris Rosenthal of Chicago. J. M. Culp, vice-president and traffic manager of the Southern railway, was called to identify certain tariffs already introduced dealing with the rates on oil east and south of Grand Junction, Tenn.

Suit for \$10,000,000 Ordered Dismissed.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 25.—The supreme court yesterday affirmed the judgment of the federal court in New York in dismissing a bill brought by Clarence H. Verner of New York against the Great Northern Railroad company and James J. Hill to recover for himself and other stockholders of the company some \$10,000,000 profit alleged accruing to Hill and the syndicate that brought about the Northern Securities merger.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Where It Belongs. "Excuse me," said the playwright to his friend who was hissing the piece, "do you think it is good form to hiss my show when I gave you the ticket that admitted you?" "Certainly," resentfully replied the friend. "If I'd bought a ticket, I would have contented myself by going outside and swearing at myself."—Success Magazine.

Always Unfortunate. Here I stand within the hall, For the elevator bawled With a frown. "Going up," I loudly cry, And the urchin makes reply, "Going down."

Here you see me buying stocks, Hoping to acquire both rocks And renown. "Going up," I loudly say, But my broker answers: "Nay, Going down."

When old Charon I shall meet, Looking mystical, but neat. "Going up," I'll murmur low, And he'll doubtless answer: "No, Going down." —Washington Herald.

Don't Get Too Proud.

"Sonny," said Uncle Eben, "did you ever watch one o' des yere little tug-boats come snortin' along takin' kyah of a great big ocean liner?" "Yas, indeed," answered Pickaninny Jim. "An' did you ever see one er dese 'lectric locomotives pick up a handsome, shiny locomotive an' drag it frou de Baltimore tunnel?" "Lots o' times." "An' did you ever see a quiet ole knee sprung white hoss pullin' a helpless automobile to town?" "I sho' has." "Well, sonny, dem's all to remind you dat, no matter how big or important an' stylish you gits, dar ain' no tellin' when you may need help f'm somebody dat don' seem to cut no figure wuf mentionin'." —Washington Star.

The Foot at the Station.

A man stepped up to the counter in the ticket office of the Colorado railroad railway the other afternoon and said: "What time can a man go to Glenwood?" "At 7:30 o'clock tonight," replied the ticket seller.

"Thanks," said the man. At this point a woman, who had been standing back a short distance waiting her turn to ask some questions, stepped up. "Can a woman go at that time, too?" she asked seriously.—Denver Post.

A Proof.

"The new maid looks intelligent." He said: "Yet she may prove a dunce." "We've always to that fear." The answer came quite promptly. "Oh, she is intelligent." "That so?" "How have you heard so soon to know?" "Because she told me right at once 'That she was stupid, dear'." —Pittsburg Post.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND



No other medicine for Woman's ills in the world has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

No other medicine has such a record of success for woman's diseases, or such hosts of grateful friends as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been the standard remedy for feminine ills, inflammation, ulceration, and consequent Spinal Weakness.

It has relieved more cases of Backache and Local Weakness than any other one remedy. It dissolves and expels tumors in an early stage of development.

Irregularities and periodic pains, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, quickly yield to it; also deranged organs, causing pain, dragging sensations and backache. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system.

It removes that wearing feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, dizziness, faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues." These are indications of feminine disorders, which this medicine overcomes as well as slight derangement of the Kidneys of either sex.

Women who are sick and want to get well should refuse to accept any substitute for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Why Do We Laugh?

He struggled down the slippery street. He had hard work to keep his feet. He struck a very icy spot.

He looked for help. He found it not. His heels went up, and he went down. The shock it simply jarred the town—And everybody laughed!

She started to take up the fish. That she had fried; reached for the dish. (We were all standing idly round, Watching the fish, as deftly round)—She raised the dish, but it was hot! It fell and smashed upon the spot—And everybody laughed!

He started down the subway stairs. When something caught him unawares, He stubbed his toe, or caught his heel, He slipped upon an orange peel. He turned a somersault, and thump! He landed with an awful bump—And everybody laughed!

The bald man suffered with a fly. The umpire got biffed on the eye! The lady left the open car. The wrong way—No—Tack-a-rah! The judge went by with stately tread, A snowslide squashed upon his head—And everybody laughed!

Now, please, will some one tell me why We laugh at times as if we'd die? When people suffer pain and grief? Why should a laugh give us relief? In short, what's everything's funny? Will someone kindly tell me why Should everybody laugh?

—ungracious. Little Willie—I dream about my girl, Little Bessie—Do you? Little Willie—Yes. I killed two fellows about her last night.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Oh, do you open your mouth like a round bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

Do you are an intelligent thinking woman, in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and suffering, then it means much to you that there is a new, true, honest medicine on the market, one that is sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills.

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, and pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible endorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. The authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which no other medicine is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. In such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration?

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritative professional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS

FOR HEADACHE

NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, PAIN IN CHEST, DISTRESS IN STOMACH, SLEEPLESSNESS.

Take ONE of the little tablets AND THE PAIN IS GONE

They Relieve Pain Quickly, leaving no bad after-effects.

25 CENTS

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